MARVEL®

DAREDEVIL

THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR!

CAN EVEN D.D. HALT THE RAMPAGE OF BULLET?

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JR.JR-AW

"THERE IS *ENERGY* IN THE NUCLEUS OF AN *ATOM*. NATURE'S 'STRONG FORCE' IS THE *GLUE* THAT HOLDS THAT NUCLEUS TOGETHER, AND KEEPS THE ENERGY *WITHIN*. NATURE INTENDED IT TO *STAY* THAT WAY.

"*MAN* CAME ALONG AND *SPLIT* THE NUCLEUS, AND *UNLEASHED* THE ENERGY LATENT IN MASS--*NUCLEAR POWER*.

"ON AUGUST 6TH, 1945, PRESIDENT HARRY TRUMAN GLEEFULLY ANNOUNCED THAT THEY HAD *CAPTURED* THE BASIC ENERGY OF THE UNIVERSE, *HARNESSED* THAT SAME POWER THAT EXPLODES IN THE SUN...

"...FORMED IT INTO A *WEAPON*, AND *DROPPED* IT ON TINY, FRAIL, *FLESH* AND *BLOOD* CREATURES -- THE PEOPLE OF *HIROSHIMA*.

STAN LEE PRESENTS:

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"SINCE THE CONTEMPLATION OF SUCH AN EVENT MAKES ONE *SICK*, NO ONE CHOOSES TO THINK ABOUT IT.

"THIS MASS DENIAL IS, IN ITSELF, A SICKNESS.

"UNFORTUNATELY, NOW THAT NUCLEAR TECHNOLOGY EXISTS, IT CANNOT BE BE 'UN-MADE' -- *IT WILL NEVER GO AWAY*.

"NUCLEAR POWER *SEEMS* TO TAKE THE FORM OF POWER PLANTS AND WEAPONS, BUT IT IS REALLY SO MUCH MORE.

"IT WAS MADE BY MAN, BUT WILL *END* MAN. END HISTORY, END LIFE. THE CONTINUED PRODUCTION AND USE OF THIS ENERGY CAN HAVE ONLY ONE OUTCOME--*MASS, GLOBAL, PLANETARY SUICIDE*."

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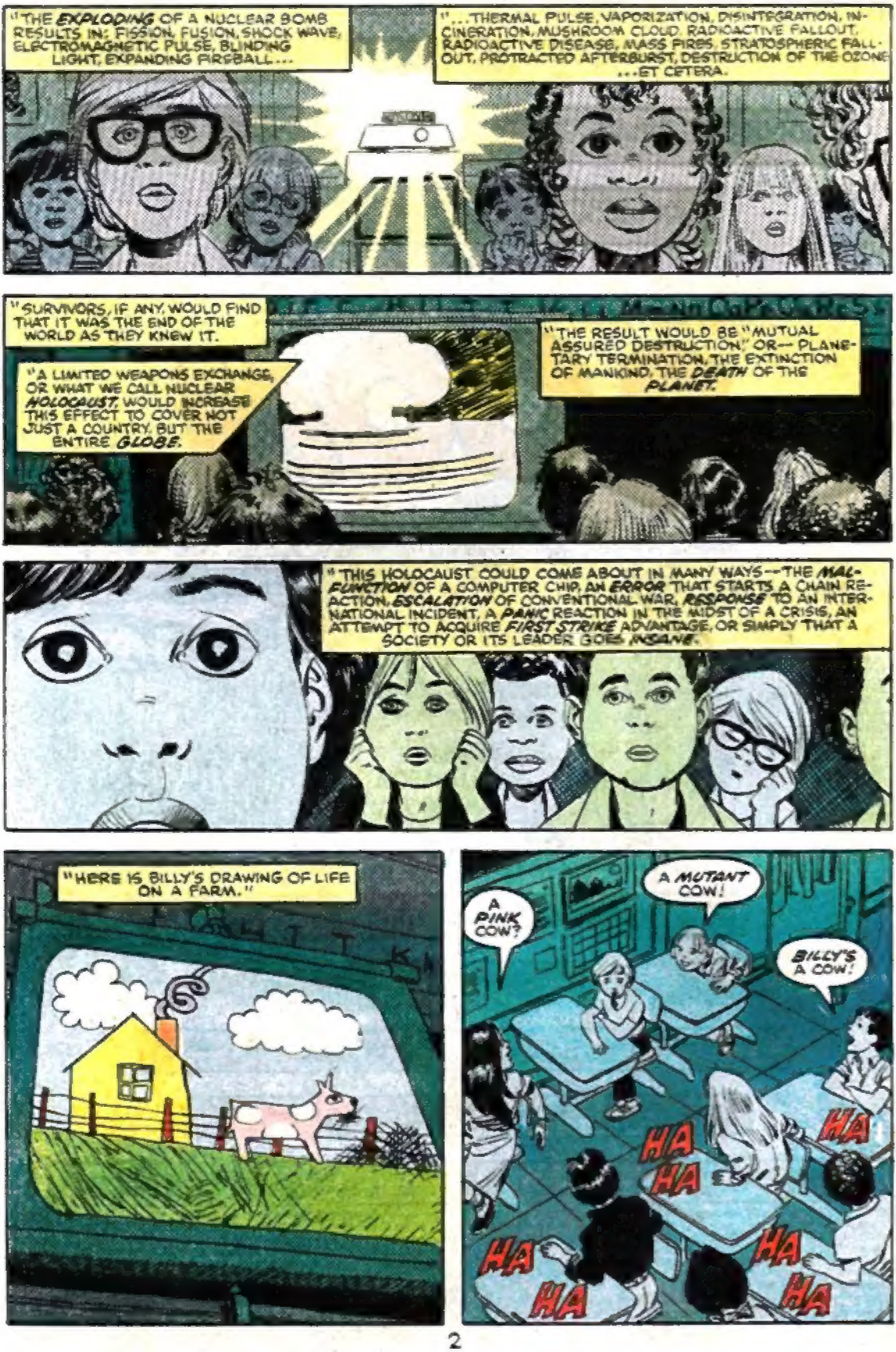

"THE EXPLODING OF A NUCLEAR BOMB RESULTS IN: FISSION, FUSION, SHOCK WAVE, ELECTROMAGNETIC PULSE, BLINDING LIGHT, EXPANDING FIREBALL...
"...THERMAL PULSE, VAPORIZATION, DISINTEGRATION, INCINERATION, MUSHROOM CLOUD, RADIOACTIVE FALLOUT, RADIOACTIVE DISEASE, MASS FIRES, STRATOSPHERIC FALLOUT, PROTRACTED AFTERBURST, DESTRUCTION OF THE OZONE ...ET CETERA.
"SURVIVORS, IF ANY, WOULD FIND THAT IT WAS THE END OF THE WORLD AS THEY KNEW IT.
"A LIMITED WEAPONS EXCHANGE, OR WHAT WE CALL NUCLEAR HOLOCAUST, WOULD INCREASE THIS EFFECT TO COVER NOT JUST A COUNTRY, BUT THE ENTIRE GLOBE.
"THE RESULT WOULD BE "MUTUAL ASSURED DESTRUCTION," OR-- PLANETARY TERMINATION, THE EXTINCTION OF MANKIND, THE DEATH OF THE PLANET.
"THIS HOLOCAUST COULD COME ABOUT IN MANY WAYS--THE MALFUNCTION OF A COMPUTER CHIP, AN ERROR THAT STARTS A CHAIN REACTION, ESCALATION OF CONVENTIONAL WAR, RESPONSE TO AN INTERNATIONAL INCIDENT, A PANIC REACTION IN THE MIDST OF A CRISIS, AN ATTEMPT TO ACQUIRE FIRST STRIKE ADVANTAGE, OR SIMPLY THAT A SOCIETY OR ITS LEADER GOES INSANE.
"HERE IS BILLY'S DRAWING OF LIFE ON A FARM."
A PINK COW?
A MUTANT COW!
BILLY'S A COW!
HA HA
HA
HA HA
HA HA

"PAY ATTENTION, CLASS!

"HERE IS WHAT LIFE ON THE FARM WOULD LOOK LIKE *AFTER* A NUCLEAR 'ACCIDENT.'

"YOU ALL DID DRAWINGS OF WHAT YOU IMAGINED THE WORLD WOULD LOOK LIKE POST-HOLOCAUST.

"THEY ARE ALL QUITE *ACCURATE*. ESPECIALLY *LANCE'S* DRAWING. HIS IS THE *BLACK* ONE.

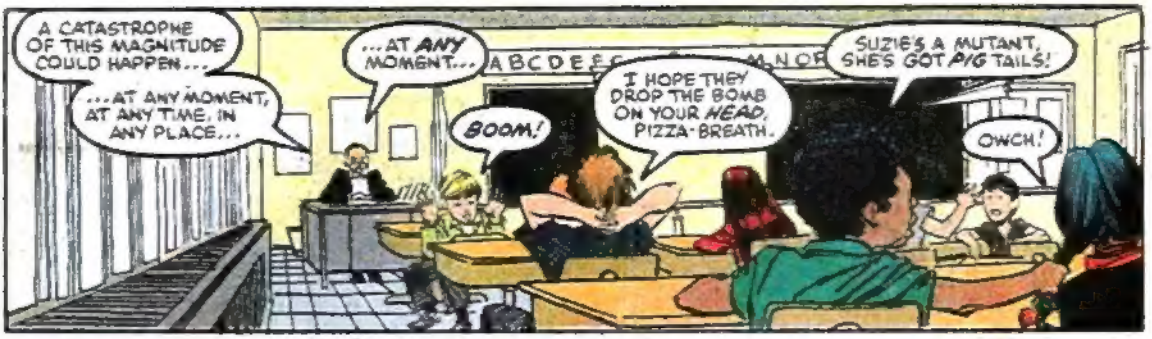
"I REMEMBER... HIROSHIMA. THE CITY WAS DESTROYED *INSTANTLY*. ONE HUNDRED AND SIXTY THOUSAND PEOPLE DIED. I SURVIVED. AT FIRST, ALL I KNEW WAS THAT THE WORLD HAD GONE BLACK.

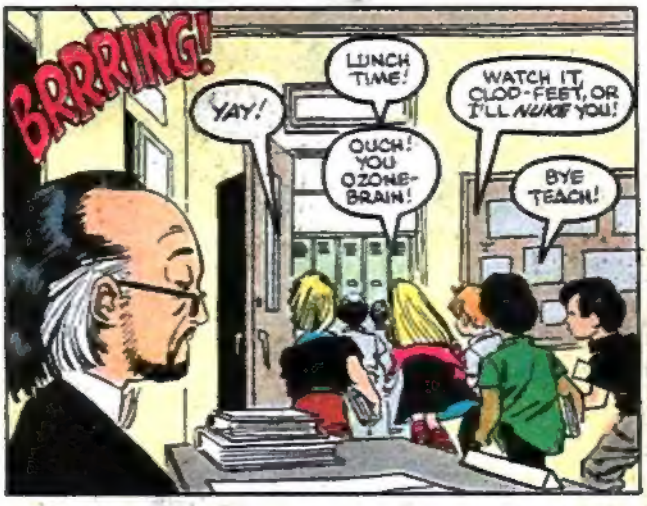
Boom

"A BLACK RAIN FELL ALL DAY. FINALLY THE PITCH BLACKNESS GAVE WAY. WHAT REPLACED IT WAS OPEN, VACANT LAND. AN EMPTINESS THAT HAD ONCE BEEN A CITY.

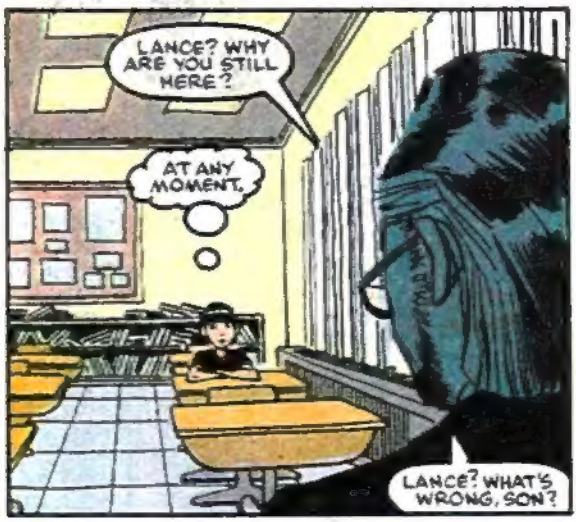
"I WAS ASTONISHED BY THE ABSENCE OF THE KNOWN WORLD.

"I HEARD CRIES AND MOANS. THE FIRST PERSON I SAW WAS A NAKED OLD MAN, IN SHOCK, WHO CRIED *"STUPID AMERICA!"* OVER AND OVER.

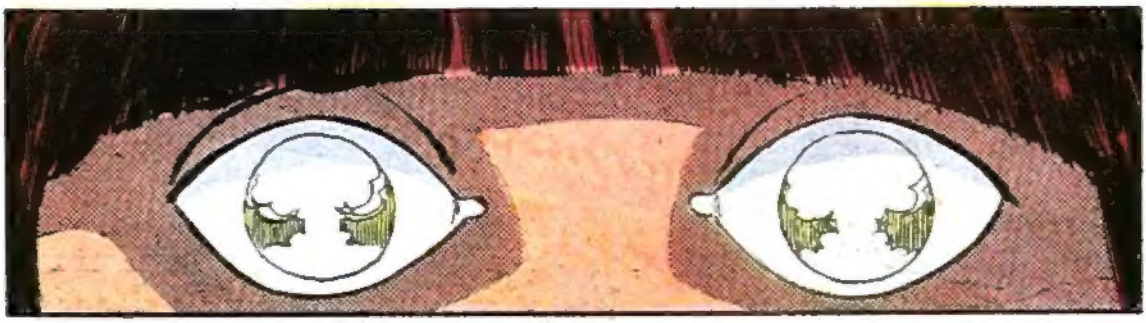

A CATASTROPHE OF THIS MAGNITUDE COULD HAPPEN...
...AT ANY MOMENT, AT ANY TIME, IN ANY PLACE...
...AT ANY MOMENT...
BOOM!
I HOPE THEY DROP THE BOMB ON YOUR HEAD, PIZZA-BREATH.
SUZIE'S A MUTANT, SHE'S GOT PIG TAILS!
OWCH!

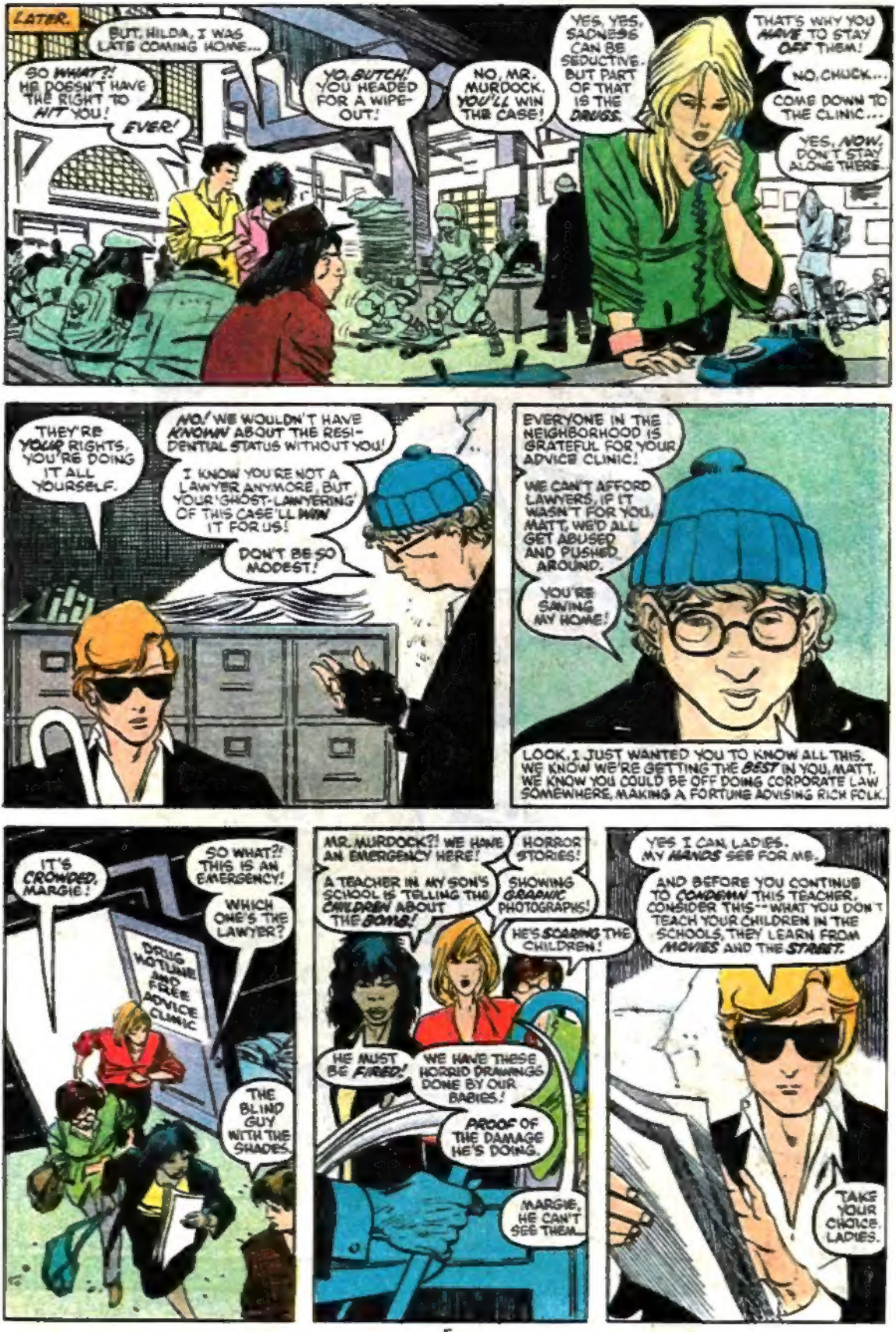

BRRRING!
YAY!
LUNCH TIME!
OUCH! YOU OZONE-BRAIN!
WATCH IT, CLOD-FEET, OR I'LL NUKE YOU!
BYE TEACH!

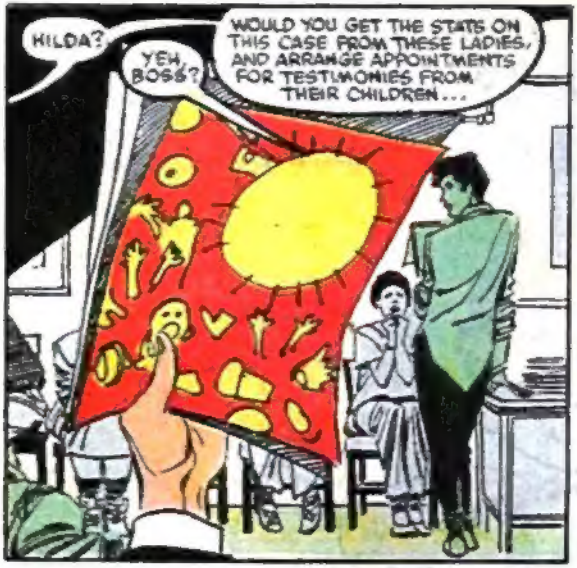
THEY DON'T HEAR ME. THEY DON'T UNDERSTAND. THEIR WORLD IS TOO LIGHT TO KNOW SUCH DARKNESS.
BUT IT IS MY DUTY TO TELL THEM, SHOW THEM, TO NEVER LET THE WORLD FORGET THE HORROR OF ATOMIC TECHNOLOGY.


LANCE? WHY ARE YOU STILL HERE?
AT ANY MOMENT.
LANCE? WHAT'S WRONG, SON?

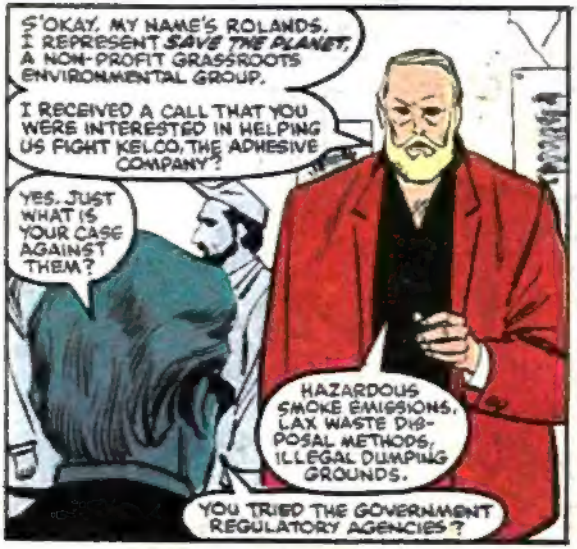
AT ANY MOMENT.
LANCE?




LATER.
BUT, HILDA, I WAS LATE COMING HOME...
SO WHAT?! HE DOESN'T HAVE THE RIGHT TO HIT YOU! EVER!
YO, BUTCH! YOU HEADED FOR A WIPE-OUT!
NO, MR. MURDOCK. YOU'LL WIN THE CASE!
YES, YES, SADNESS CAN BE SEDUCTIVE. BUT PART OF THAT IS THE DRUGS.
THAT'S WHY YOU HAVE TO STAY OFF THEM!
NO, CHUCK...
COME DOWN TO THE CLINIC...
YES, NOW, DON'T STAY ALONE THERE.
THEY'RE YOUR RIGHTS, YOU'RE DOING IT ALL YOURSELF.
NO! WE WOULDN'T HAVE KNOWN ABOUT THE RESIDENTIAL STATUS WITHOUT YOU!
I KNOW YOU'RE NOT A LAWYER ANYMORE, BUT YOUR 'GHOST-LAWYERING' OF THIS CASE'LL WIN IT FOR US!
DON'T BE SO MODEST!
EVERYONE IN THE NEIGHBORHOOD IS GRATEFUL FOR YOUR ADVICE CLINIC!
WE CAN'T AFFORD LAWYERS, IF IT WASN'T FOR YOU, MATT, WE'D ALL GET ABUSED AND PUSHED AROUND.
YOU'RE SAVING MY HOME!
LOOK, I JUST WANTED YOU TO KNOW ALL THIS. WE KNOW WE'RE GETTING THE BEST IN YOU, MATT. WE KNOW YOU COULD BE OFF DOING CORPORATE LAW SOMEWHERE, MAKING A FORTUNE ADVISING RICH FOLK.
IT'S CROWDED, MARGIE!
SO WHAT?! THIS IS AN EMERGENCY!
WHICH ONE'S THE LAWYER?
DRUG HOTLINE AND FREE ADVICE CLINIC
THE BLIND GUY WITH THE SHADES.
MR. MURDOCK?! WE HAVE AN EMERGENCY HERE!
A TEACHER IN MY SON'S SCHOOL IS TELLING THE CHILDREN ABOUT THE BOMB!
HORROR STORIES!
SHOWING GRAPHIC PHOTOGRAPHS!
HE'S SCARING THE CHILDREN!
HE MUST BE FIRED!
WE HAVE THESE HORRID DRAWINGS DONE BY OUR BABIES!
PROOF OF THE DAMAGE HE'S DOING.
MARGIE, HE CAN'T SEE THEM...
YES I CAN, LADIES. MY HANDS SEE FOR ME.
AND BEFORE YOU CONTINUE TO CONDEMN THIS TEACHER, CONSIDER THIS--WHAT YOU DON'T TEACH YOUR CHILDREN IN THE SCHOOLS, THEY LEARN FROM MOVIES AND THE STREET.
TAKE YOUR CHOICE, LADIES.


HILDA?
YEH, BOSS?
WOULD YOU GET THE STATS ON THIS CASE FROM THESE LADIES, AND ARRANGE APPOINTMENTS FOR TESTIMONIES FROM THEIR CHILDREN...

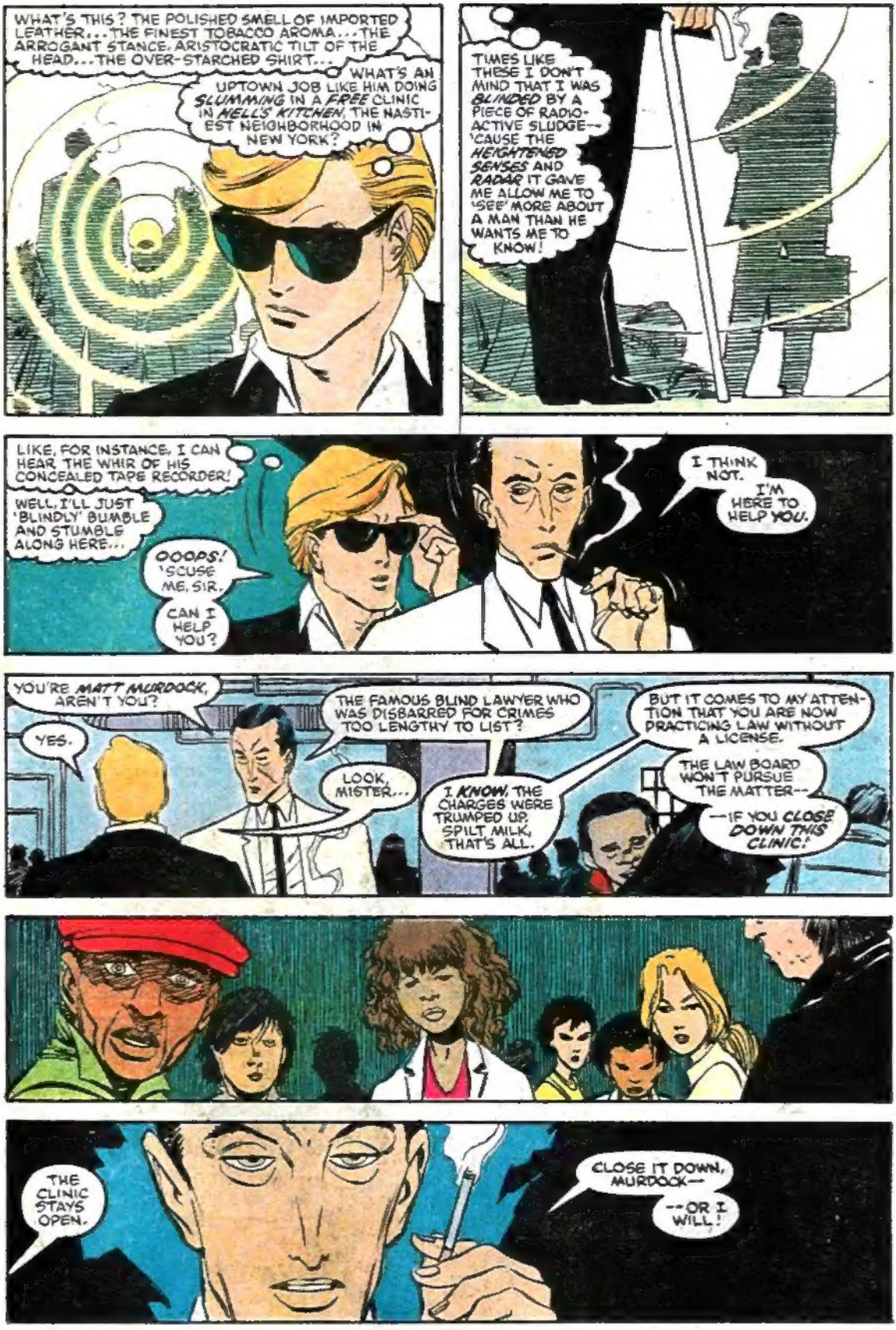
I WON'T HAVE MY BABY TRAUMATIZED ALL OVER AGAIN! NO ONE'S TALKIN' TO MY BILLY!
LET'S JUST SIT DOWN, WOULD YOU LIKE SOME COFFEE?
OKAY...
SORRY TO KEEP YOU WAITING, SIR.

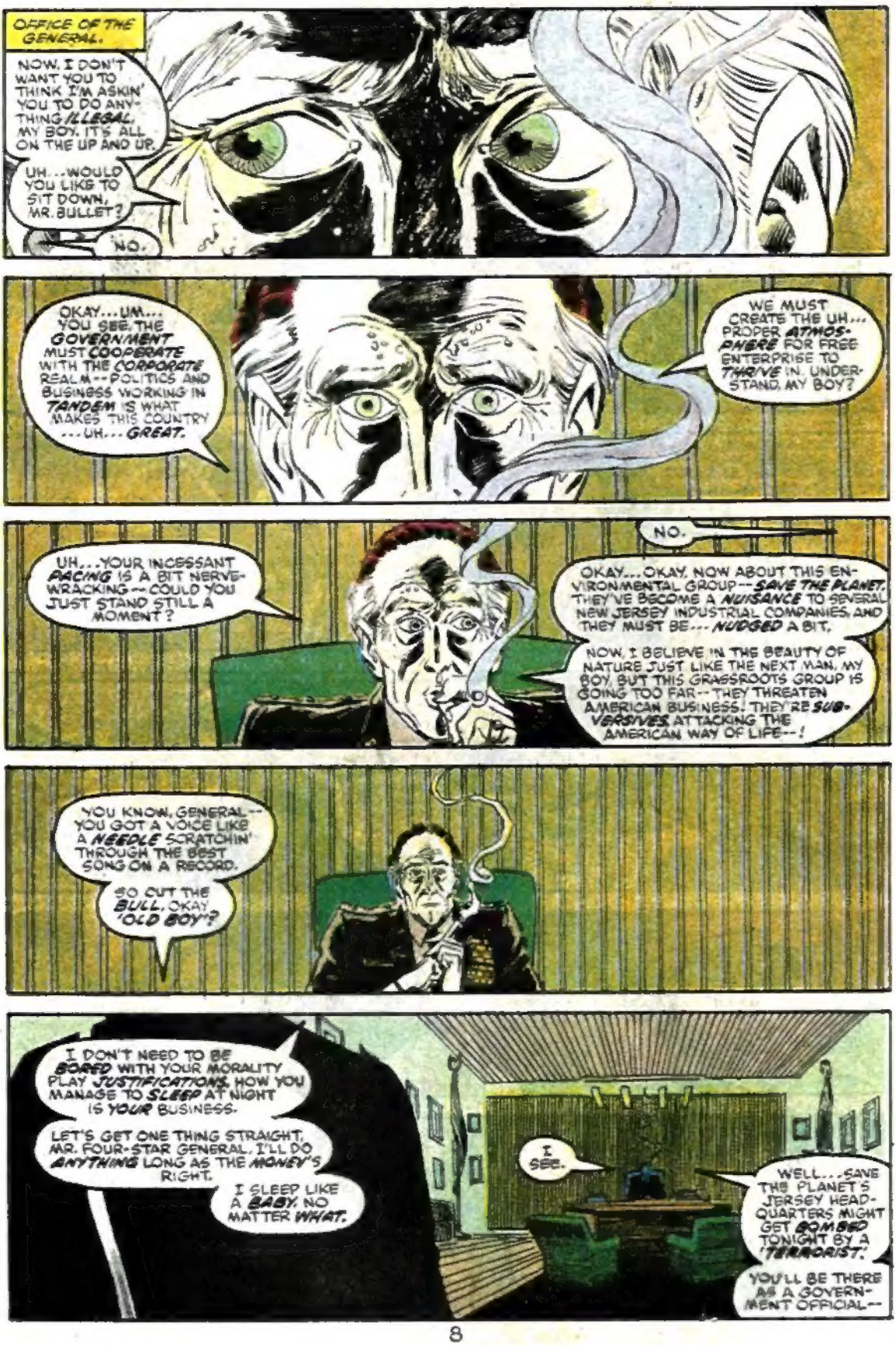

S'OKAY. MY NAME'S ROLANDS. I REPRESENT SAVE THE PLANET, A NON-PROFIT GRASSROOTS ENVIRONMENTAL GROUP.
I RECEIVED A CALL THAT YOU WERE INTERESTED IN HELPING US FIGHT KELCO, THE ADHESIVE COMPANY?
YES. JUST WHAT IS YOUR CASE AGAINST THEM?
HAZARDOUS SMOKE EMISSIONS, LAX WASTE DISPOSAL METHODS, ILLEGAL DUMPING GROUNDS.
YOU TRIED THE GOVERNMENT REGULATORY AGENCIES?

GOT THE RUN AROUND. THEY SAID WE'RE PARANOID. SAID WASTE DISPOSAL WAS A SEVENTIES PROBLEM. SAID KELCO WAS A CLEAN COMPANY. HAH.
SO WE'VE CHARGED KELCO OURSELVES, CLASS ACTION SUIT.
BUT KELCO'S SLICK LAWYERS ALWAYS FIND LOOPHOLES. THIS WEEK THEY SAID THEIR PRODUCTS WERE INDUSTRIAL, NOT CONSUMER, AND GOT AROUND THE REGULATIONS WE CITED.

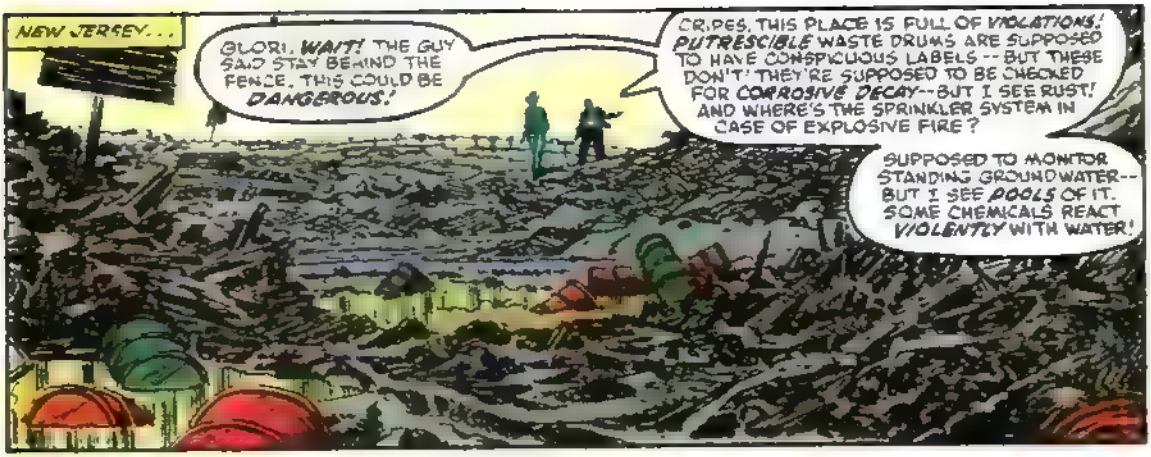
IT'S SO FRUSTRATING. NOW WE HAVE TO DEAL WITH WASHINGTON. GET THE FEDERAL REGISTER RE-WORDED, TIGHTEN THE CODES. THEN WE WAIT FOR THE NEW WORDING OF THE DIRECTIVE TO BE ISSUED. MEANWHILE, KELCO WILL FIND ANOTHER LOOPHOLE.
BETWEEN RED TAPE AND STALLS IN THE COURTS -- IT COULD TAKE YEARS!
MEANWHILE, KELCO KEEPS DUMPING!
WHERE ARE ALL YOUR FILES AND PAPERWORK?
IN OUR JERSEY HEADQUARTERS.

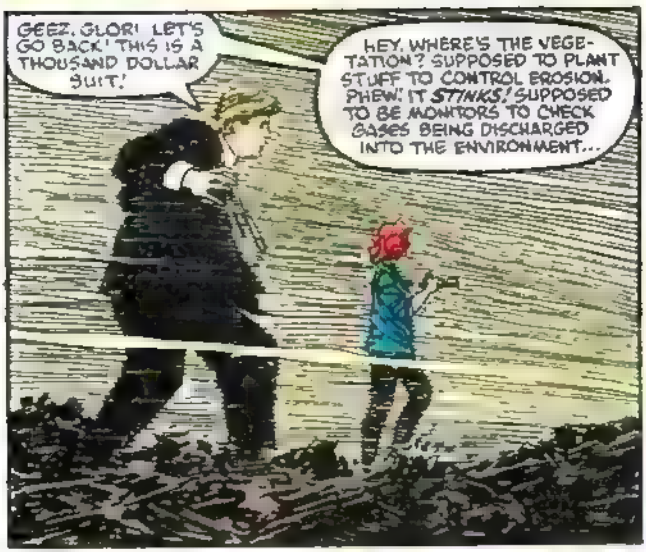
I'LL COME OUT TONIGHT, REVIEW YOUR CASE, COME UP WITH YOUR RETALIATION.
TWO CAN PLAY THEIR GAME. IF THEY WANT LEGAL SWORD-PLAY, THEY'LL GET IT. SO FAST AND FANCY--
--I'LL SLICE THROUGH ALL THEIR RED TAPE AND DROP IT AROUND THEM IN SHREDS.


WHAT'S THIS? THE POLISHED SMELL OF IMPORTED LEATHER... THE FINEST TOBACCO AROMA... THE ARROGANT STANCE, ARISTOCRATIC TILT OF THE HEAD... THE OVER-STARCHED SHIRT...
WHAT'S AN UPTOWN JOB LIKE HIM DOING *SLUMMING* IN A *FREE* CLINIC IN *HELL'S KITCHEN*, THE NASTIEST NEIGHBORHOOD IN NEW YORK?
TIMES LIKE THESE I DON'T MIND THAT I WAS *BLINDED* BY A PIECE OF RADIOACTIVE SLUDGE--'CAUSE THE *HEIGHTENED SENSES* AND *RADAR* IT GAVE ME ALLOW ME TO 'SEE' MORE ABOUT A MAN THAN HE WANTS ME TO KNOW!
LIKE, FOR INSTANCE, I CAN HEAR THE WHIR OF HIS CONCEALED TAPE RECORDER!
WELL, I'LL JUST 'BLINDLY' BUMBLE AND STUMBLE ALONG HERE...
OOOPS! 'SCUSE ME, SIR.
CAN I HELP YOU?
I THINK NOT.
I'M HERE TO HELP YOU.
YOU'RE *MATT MURDOCK*, AREN'T YOU?
YES.
THE FAMOUS BLIND LAWYER WHO WAS DISBARRED FOR CRIMES TOO LENGTHY TO LIST?
LOOK, MISTER...
I *KNOW*, THE CHARGES WERE TRUMPED UP, SPILT MILK, THAT'S ALL.
BUT IT COMES TO MY ATTENTION THAT YOU ARE NOW PRACTICING LAW WITHOUT A LICENSE.
THE LAW BOARD WON'T PURSUE THE MATTER--
--IF YOU *CLOSE DOWN THIS CLINIC!*
THE CLINIC STAYS OPEN.
CLOSE IT DOWN, MURDOCK--
--OR I WILL!


OFFICE OF THE GENERAL.
NOW, I DON'T WANT YOU TO THINK I'M ASKIN' YOU TO DO ANY-THING ILLEGAL, MY BOY. IT'S ALL ON THE UP AND UP.
UH...WOULD YOU LIKE TO SIT DOWN, MR. BULLET?
NO.
OKAY...UM... YOU SEE, THE GOVERNMENT MUST COOPERATE WITH THE CORPORATE REALM--POLITICS AND BUSINESS WORKING IN TANDEM IS WHAT MAKES THIS COUNTRY ...UH... GREAT.
WE MUST CREATE THE UH... PROPER ATMOS-PHERE FOR FREE ENTERPRISE TO THRIVE IN. UNDER-STAND, MY BOY?
NO.
UH...YOUR INCESSANT PACING IS A BIT NERVE-WRACKING--COULD YOU JUST STAND STILL A MOMENT?
OKAY...OKAY, NOW ABOUT THIS EN-VIRONMENTAL GROUP--SAVE THE PLANET. THEY'VE BECOME A NUISANCE TO SEVERAL NEW JERSEY INDUSTRIAL COMPANIES, AND THEY MUST BE--- NUDGED A BIT.
NOW, I BELIEVE IN THE BEAUTY OF NATURE JUST LIKE THE NEXT MAN, MY BOY, BUT THIS GRASSROOTS GROUP IS GOING TOO FAR--THEY THREATEN AMERICAN BUSINESS! THEY'RE SUB-VERSIVES ATTACKING THE AMERICAN WAY OF LIFE--!
YOU KNOW, GENERAL--YOU GOT A VOICE LIKE A NEEDLE SCRATCHIN' THROUGH THE BEST SONG ON A RECORD.
SO CUT THE BULL, OKAY 'OLD BOY'?
I DON'T NEED TO BE BORED WITH YOUR MORALITY PLAY JUSTIFICATIONS. HOW YOU MANAGE TO SLEEP AT NIGHT IS YOUR BUSINESS.
LET'S GET ONE THING STRAIGHT, MR. FOUR-STAR GENERAL, I'LL DO ANYTHING LONG AS THE MONEY'S RIGHT.
I SLEEP LIKE A BABY, NO MATTER WHAT.
I SEE.
WELL...SAVE THE PLANET'S JERSEY HEAD-QUARTERS MIGHT GET BOMBED TONIGHT BY A 'TERRORIST.'
YOU'LL BE THERE AS A GOVERN-MENT OFFICIAL--

I GET THE PICTURE.
I LET HIM BLOW UP THE JOINT, THEN I ARREST HIM.
HE'S EXPECTING ME, SO HE'LL CAPTURE EASY. THEN YOU LAUNDER HIM THROUGH YOUR 'PEOPLE' AN' HE AVOIDS LOCAL AUTHORITIES AN' GETS OFF FREE. AND THE GRASS-ROOT SUBVERSIVE NATURE-LOVIN' WEIRDOS GO BACK TO KNITTING.
HIT THE NAIL HEAD-ON, HUH? SEE--I KNOW HOW YOU CAREER UNIFORMS THINK. I KNOW HOW YOU SLEEP AND HOW MUCH YOU SWEAT.
AN' ANOTHER THING--
K-TOOSH!
SK-RKKSSH!
AKGG!
AARGG!
BULLET! THEY WERE... UH... JUST STANDARD PRECAUTIONARY GUARDS...
IF THEY'D STOOD OUT IN THE OPEN WHERE I COULD SEE 'EM, FINE.
BUT SEE I'M PARANOID--
--YOU HIDE SOMETHIN' AND I BEGIN THINKIN' YOU GOT SOMETHIN' TO HIDE.
LATER, OLD BOY.


NEW JERSEY...
GLORI, WAIT! THE GUY SAID STAY BEHIND THE FENCE. THIS COULD BE DANGEROUS!
CRIPES, THIS PLACE IS FULL OF VIOLATIONS! PUTRESCIBLE WASTE DRUMS ARE SUPPOSED TO HAVE CONSPICUOUS LABELS -- BUT THESE DON'T! THEY'RE SUPPOSED TO BE CHECKED FOR CORROSIVE DECAY--BUT I SEE RUST! AND WHERE'S THE SPRINKLER SYSTEM IN CASE OF EXPLOSIVE FIRE?
SUPPOSED TO MONITOR STANDING GROUNDWATER-- BUT I SEE POOLS OF IT. SOME CHEMICALS REACT VIOLENTLY WITH WATER!

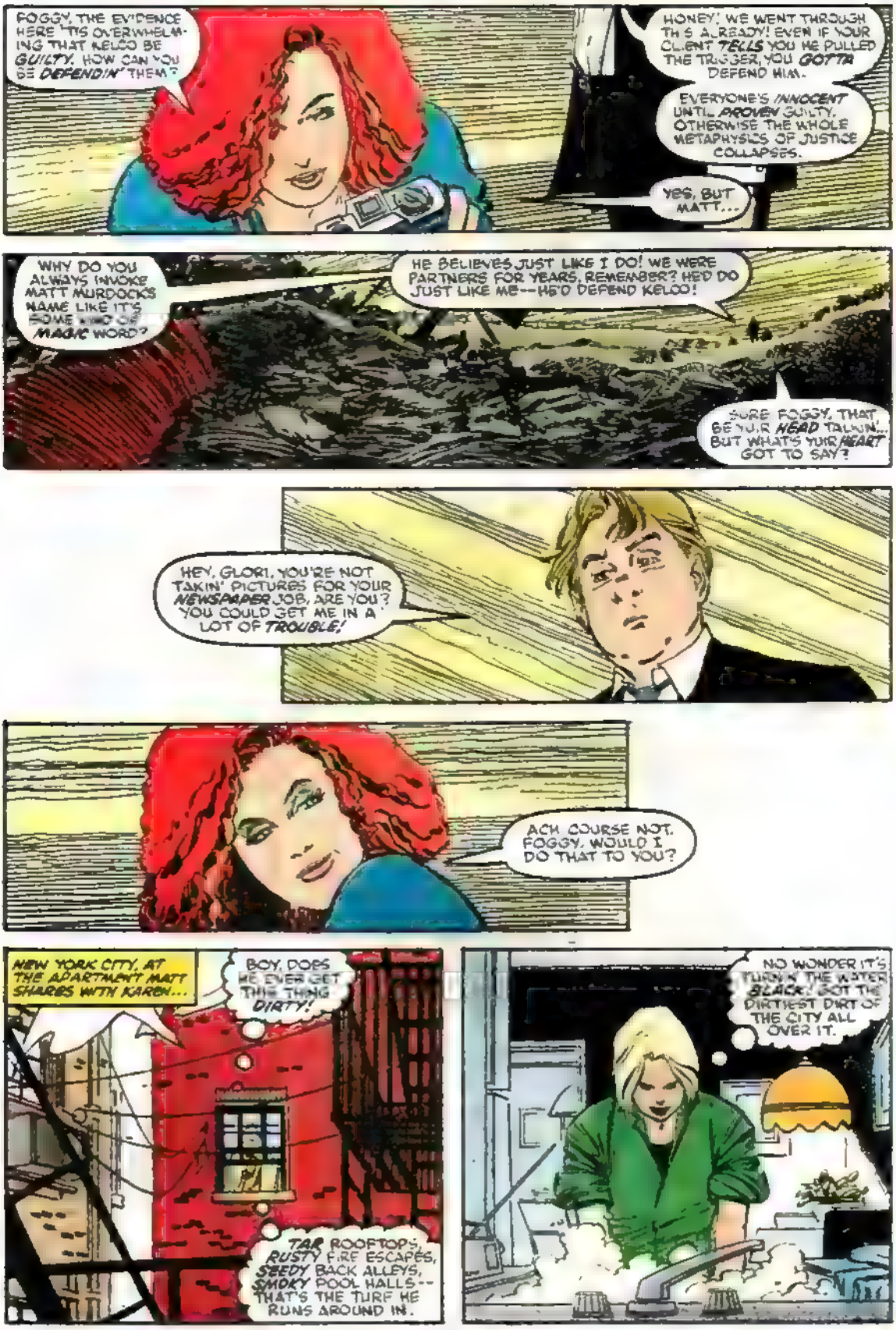

GEEZ, GLORI LET'S GO BACK! THIS IS A THOUSAND DOLLAR SUIT!
HEY, WHERE'S THE VEGETATION? SUPPOSED TO PLANT STUFF TO CONTROL EROSION. PHEW! IT STINKS! SUPPOSED TO BE MONITORS TO CHECK GASES BEING DISCHARGED INTO THE ENVIRONMENT...

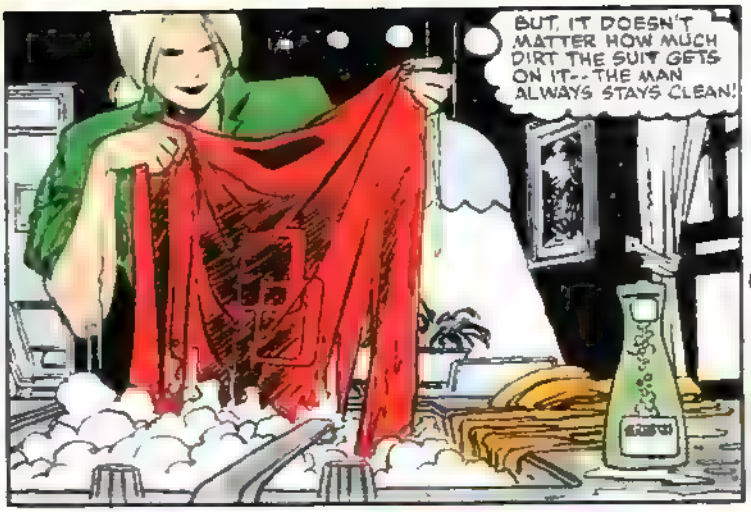
THE RUN-OFF SYSTEM'S ALL CLOGGED UP... I'D HATE TO THINK OF THE HOLES IN THE LANDFILL'S LINER! NO WONDER NOTHING'S GROWING FOR MILES AROUND.
KELCO MUSTA BOUGHT OFF THE INSPECTORS. THE MANIFESTS I CHECKED ARE FULL OF RECKLESS FALSITIES.
WHY SO QUIET, GLORI?

YOU KNOW ME, FOGGY. I TALK WITH THIS BABY
WHAT DO YOU WANT PICTURES OF THIS GARBAGE FOR? HEY, YOU BETTER HIDE THAT! IF THEY KNEW YOU SNUCK A CAMERA IN HERE THEY'D BE PLENTY MAD!

YOU KNOW, THE DRUMS THAT ARE LABELED SHOW COMPANIES OTHER THAN KELCO DUMP HERE. IF THERE'S INCOMPATIBLE WASTE HERE AND THEY MIX--

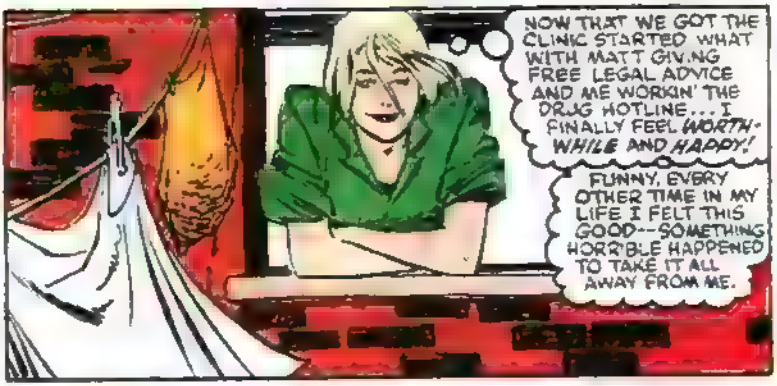
--NO TELLING WHAT COULD BE CREATED!
LET'S GO, HONEY. I FEEL KINDA SICK...

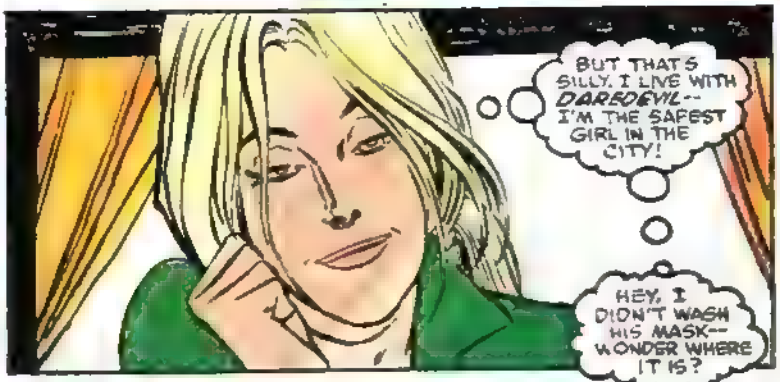

FOGGY, THE EVIDENCE HERE 'TIS OVERWHELMING THAT KELCO BE GUILTY. HOW CAN YOU BE DEFENDIN' THEM?
HONEY, WE WENT THROUGH THIS ALREADY! EVEN IF YOUR CLIENT TELLS YOU HE PULLED THE TRIGGER, YOU GOTTA DEFEND HIM.
EVERYONE'S INNOCENT UNTIL PROVEN GUILTY. OTHERWISE THE WHOLE METAPHYSICS OF JUSTICE COLLAPSES.
YES, BUT MATT...
WHY DO YOU ALWAYS INVOKE MATT MURDOCK'S NAME LIKE IT'S SOME KIND OF MAGIC WORD?
HE BELIEVES JUST LIKE I DO! WE WERE PARTNERS FOR YEARS, REMEMBER? HE'D DO JUST LIKE ME--HE'D DEFEND KELCO!
SURE FOGGY, THAT BE YUR HEAD TALKIN'... BUT WHAT'S YUR HEART GOT TO SAY?
HEY, GLORI, YOU'RE NOT TAKIN' PICTURES FOR YOUR NEWSPAPER JOB, ARE YOU? YOU COULD GET ME IN A LOT OF TROUBLE!
AW, COURSE NOT, FOGGY. WOULD I DO THAT TO YOU?
NEW YORK CITY, AT THE APARTMENT MATT SHARES WITH KAREN...
BOY, DOES HE EVER GET THIS THING DIRTY!
TAR ROOFTOPS, RUSTY FIRE ESCAPES, SEEDY BACK ALLEYS, SMOKY POOL HALLS-- THAT'S THE TURF HE RUNS AROUND IN.
NO WONDER IT'S TURNIN' THE WATER BLACK! GOT THE DIRTIEST DIRT OF THE CITY ALL OVER IT.

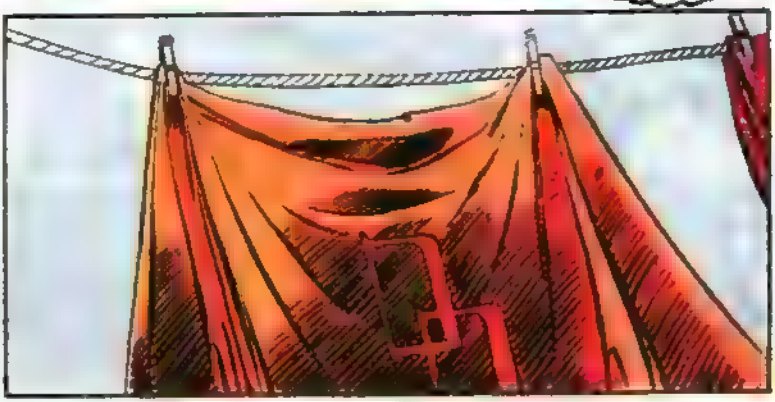

BUT, IT DOESN'T MATTER HOW MUCH DIRT THE SUIT GETS ON IT--THE MAN ALWAYS STAYS CLEAN!

CLEAN IN HEART AND SPIRIT!

GUESS NO ONE WILL NOTICE IF I HANG IT OUT TO DRY. JUST LOOKS LIKE PAJAMAS, WITHOUT MATT TO FILL IT UP.

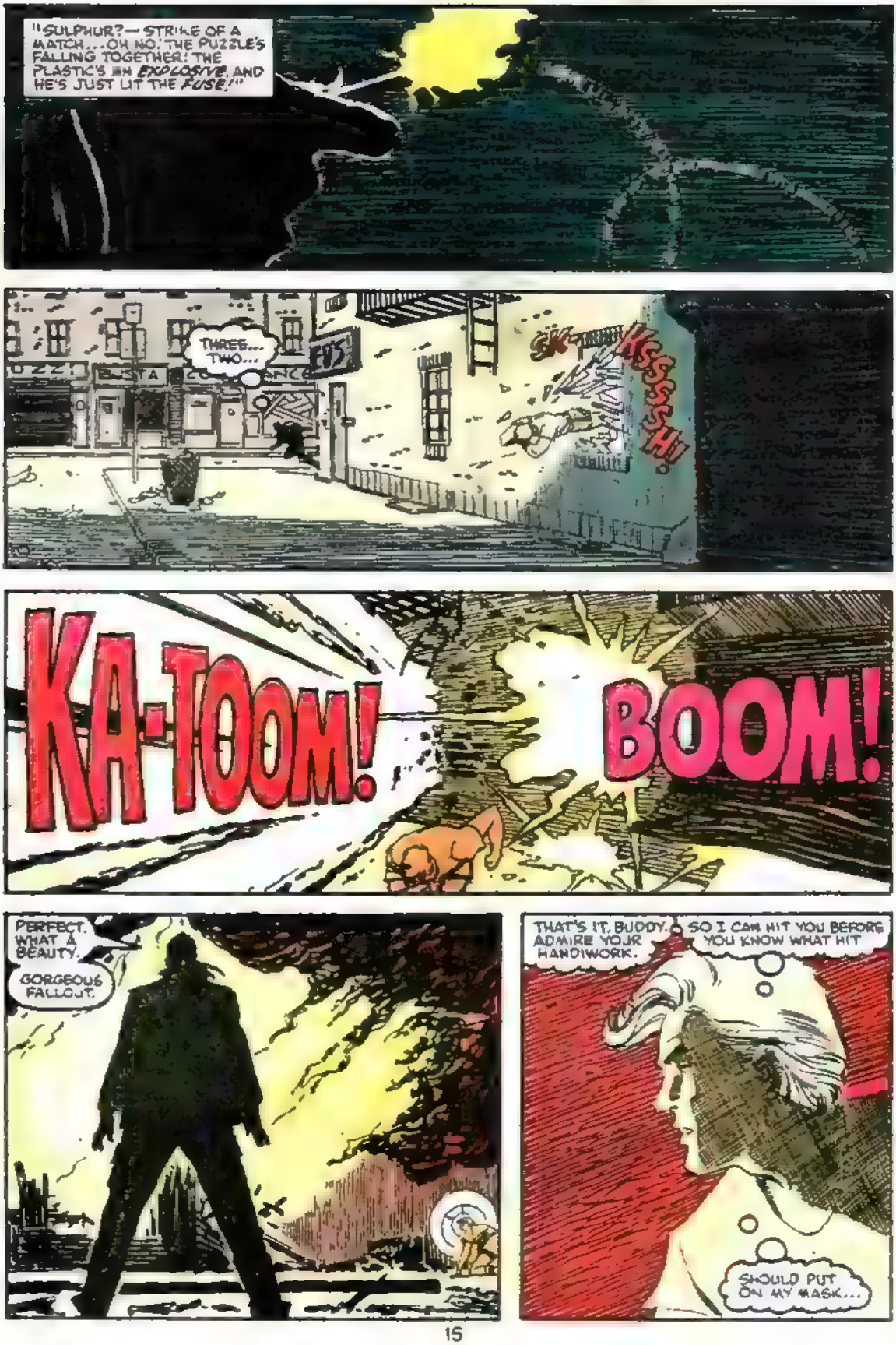

NOW THAT WE GOT THE CLINIC STARTED WHAT WITH MATT GIVING FREE LEGAL ADVICE AND ME WORKIN' THE DRUG HOTLINE... I FINALLY FEEL *WORTHWHILE* AND *HAPPY!*
FUNNY, EVERY OTHER TIME IN MY LIFE I FELT THIS GOOD--SOMETHING HORRIBLE HAPPENED TO TAKE IT ALL AWAY FROM ME.

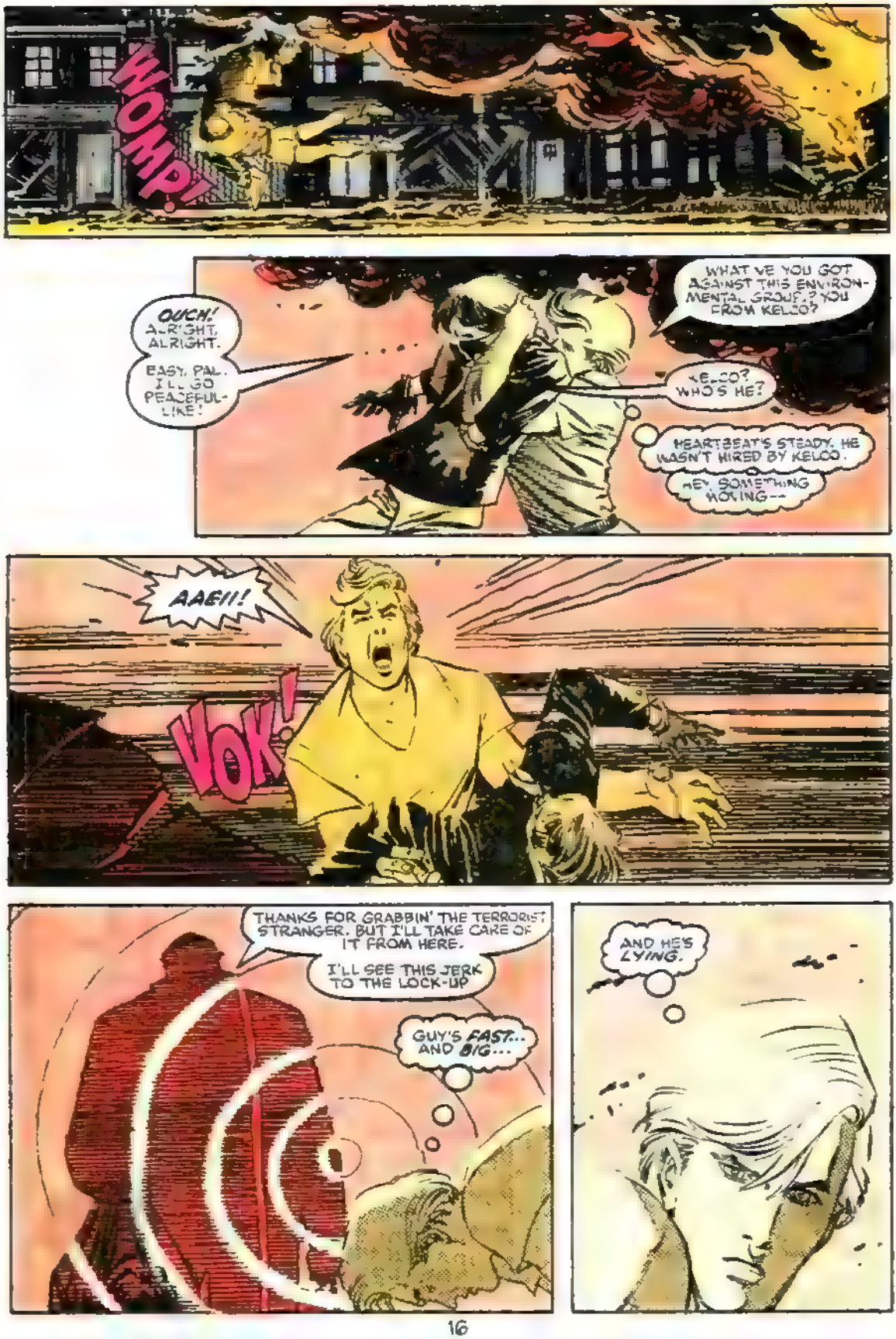

BUT THAT'S SILLY. I LIVE WITH *DAREDEVIL*--I'M THE SAFEST GIRL IN THE CITY!
HEY, I DIDN'T WASH HIS MASK--WONDER WHERE IT IS?



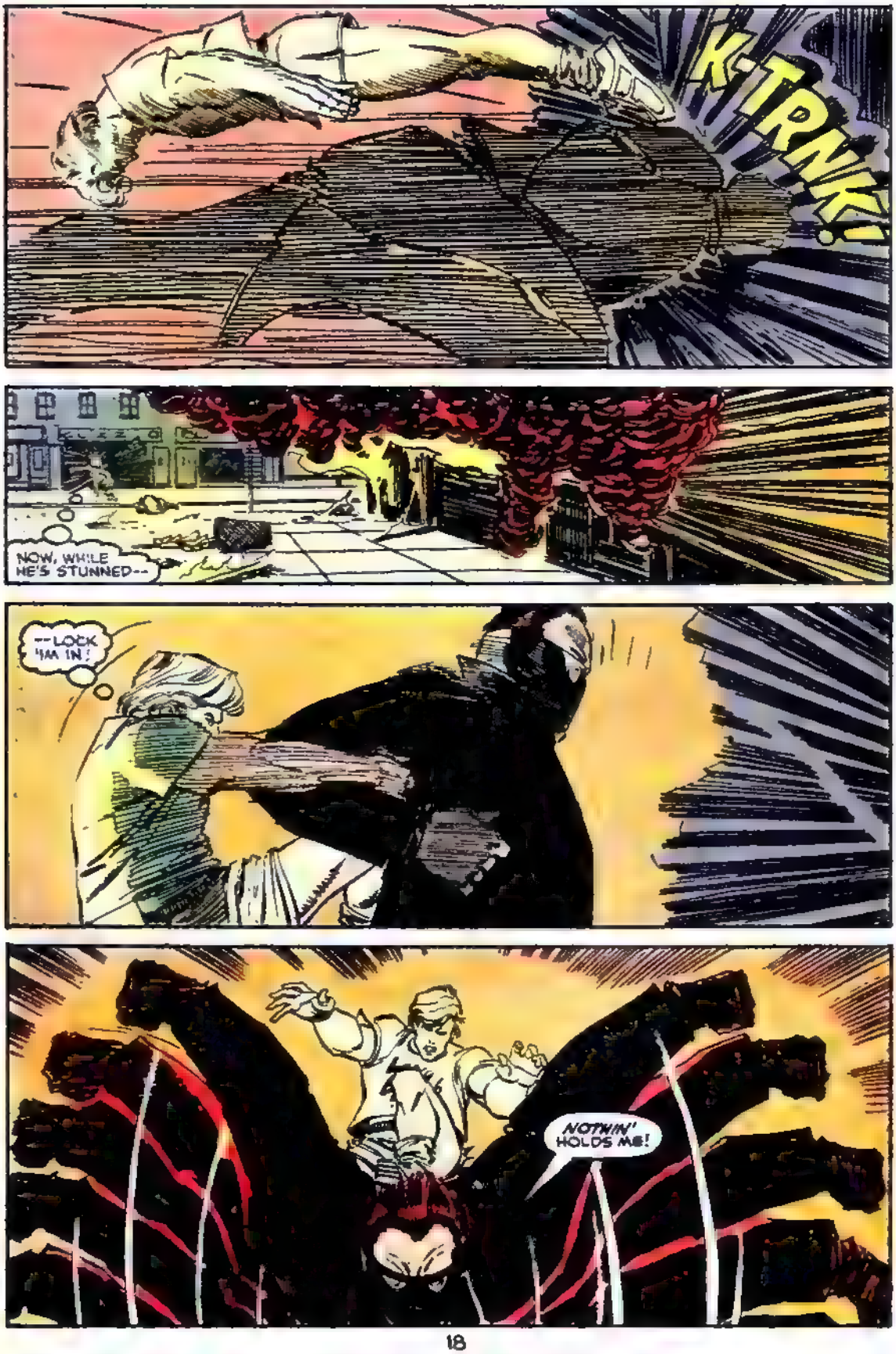
AND AT SAVE THE PLANET'S HEADQUARTERS...
WHAT A BATTLE THEY'VE FOUGHT.
A BATTLE OF WORDS AND PAPER.
KELCO DANCED OUT OF THE REGULATIONS WITH SIMPLE SEMANTICS
BUT I'VE FOUND A CASE THAT'LL PIN THEM TO THE GROUND AGAIN.
GOTTA GET UP AND STRETCH MY LEGS--
Long Beach IS FOR LOVERS
--WHAT AM I DOING?! WHY AM I PUTTING ON THE BLIND ACT WHEN THERE'S NO ONE HERE TO SEE ME?
WHY DOES MY LIFE HAVE TO HAVE THESE PROPS!
I'M A LAWYER WITHOUT A LICENSE, SO I HAVE TO PRACTICE LAW SURREPTITIOUSLY, LIKE IT'S A MAGICIAN'S ACT.
I'M BLIND, BUT MY RADAR MAKES ME "SIGHTED"--SO I HAVE TO PRETEND TO BE BLIND!
I HAVE TO PRETEND TO BE CLUMSY AND VULNERABLE SO NO ONE CONNECTS MATT MURDOCK WITH DAREDEVIL.
AND DAREDEVIL--THAT'S ANOTHER LIFE I HAVE TO "PRACTICE WITHOUT A LICENSE," AND WEAR A MASK TO HIDE MY FACE--MORE PROPS!

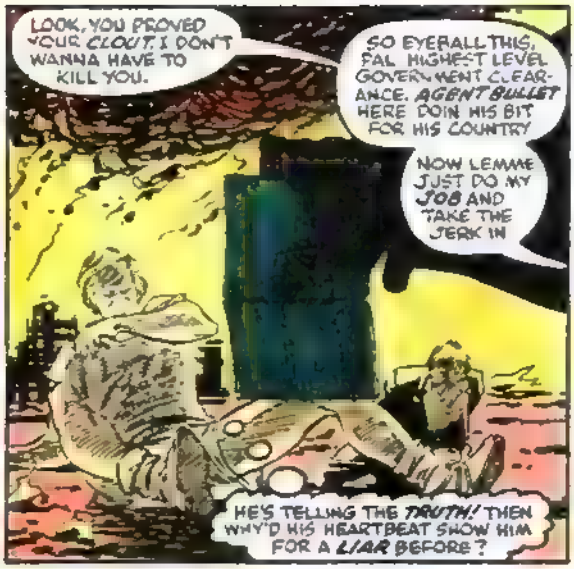
SOMEWHERE IN ALL THIS IS PLAIN OL' MATT. JUST A REGULAR GUY. FOR ONCE I FEEL LIKE JUST BEING MYSELF. WHATEVER THAT IS.
HEY, WHAT'S IN MY POCKET?
MY MASK!
I DON'T REMEMBER STICKING IT IN MY POCKET!
HOPE NO ONE SAW IT...
WHAT'S THAT SOUND? METALLIC CLICK--A LOCK BEING FORCED? CAME FROM THE BASEMENT! ONE HEARTBEAT...
AND A SMELL— GLUE? NO-- A PLASTIC...
NOW WHAT? SOUND OF... SOMETHING BEING WRAPPED? NO-- UNRAVELED!
HEARTBEAT'S SPEEDING UP.


"SULPHUR?—STRIKE OF A MATCH...OH NO! THE PUZZLE'S FALLING TOGETHER! THE PLASTIC'S AN EXPLOSIVE, AND HE'S JUST LIT THE FUSE!"
THREE... TWO...
SK-KSSSSH!
KA-TOOM!
BOOM!
PERFECT. WHAT A BEAUTY.
GORGEOUS FALLOUT.
THAT'S IT, BUDDY. ADMIRE YOUR HANDIWORK.
SO I CAN HIT YOU BEFORE YOU KNOW WHAT HIT
SHOULD PUT ON MY MASK...


WOMP!
OUCH! ALRIGHT, ALRIGHT.
EASY, PAL. I'LL GO PEACEFUL-LIKE!
. . . .
WHAT'VE YOU GOT AGAINST THIS ENVIRON-MENTAL GROUP? YOU FROM KELCO?
KE...CO? WHO'S HE?
HEARTBEAT'S STEADY. HE WASN'T HIRED BY KELCO.
HEY, SOMETHING MOVING--
AAEII!
VOK!
THANKS FOR GRABBIN' THE TERRORIST, STRANGER. BUT I'LL TAKE CARE OF IT FROM HERE.
I'LL SEE THIS JERK TO THE LOCK-UP
GUY'S FAST... AND BIG...
AND HE'S LYING.

NO! I'LL TAKE CARE OF HIM!
FIST COMIN' LIKE A RAMROD! GOTTA SWERVE TO AVOID FULL IMPACT.
WHUUMP!
PUB
HEY, YOU LOOK LIKE NOTHIN' BUT YOU MOVE LIKE A PRO!
AND YOU GOT ME MAD!
LET'S SEE YOU SURVIVE FULL-IMPACT!
THAT'S IT, YOU CRAZY BULL, THE METAL DOORS I SENSE BEHIND ME WILL MAKE A NICE STEEL TOMB FOR YOU TO PLOW INTO!


K-TRNK!
NOW, WHILE HE'S STUNNED--
--LOCK 'IM IN!
NOTHIN' HOLDS ME!

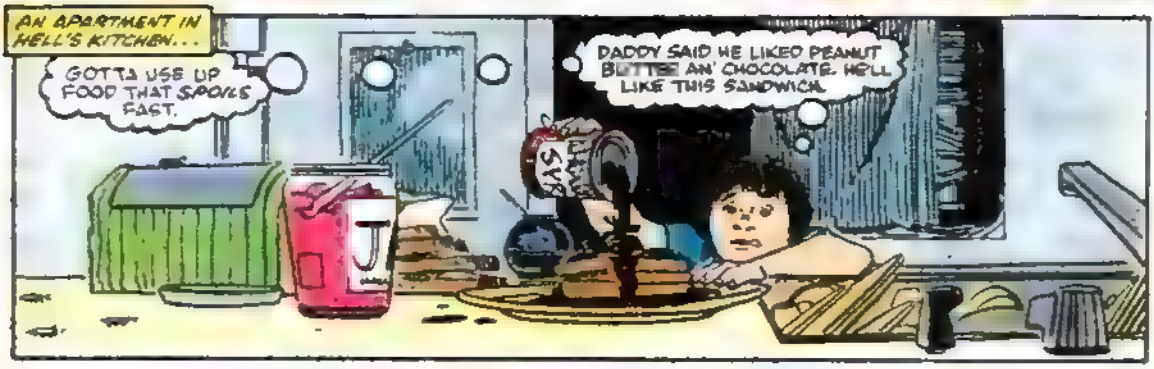

LOOK, YOU PROVED YOUR CLOUT. I DON'T WANNA HAVE TO KILL YOU.
SO EVERALL THIS, PAL HIGHEST LEVEL GOVERNMENT CLEARANCE. AGENT BULLET HERE DOIN HIS BIT FOR HIS COUNTRY
NOW LEMME JUST DO MY JOB AND TAKE THE JERK IN
HE'S TELLING THE TRUTH! THEN WHY'D HIS HEARTBEAT SHOW HIM FOR A LIAR BEFORE?

WHO ARE YOU, ANYWAY?
I'M THE NIGHT WATCHMAN
HUH. THE WATCHMAN. RIGHT.

GUESS WE ALL GOT OUR SECRETS. OKAY, BUT FOR THE HECK OF IT, I THINK I'LL REMEMBER YOUR FACE.
FIREMEN MUST BE ASLEEP. YOU BETTER CALL 'EM

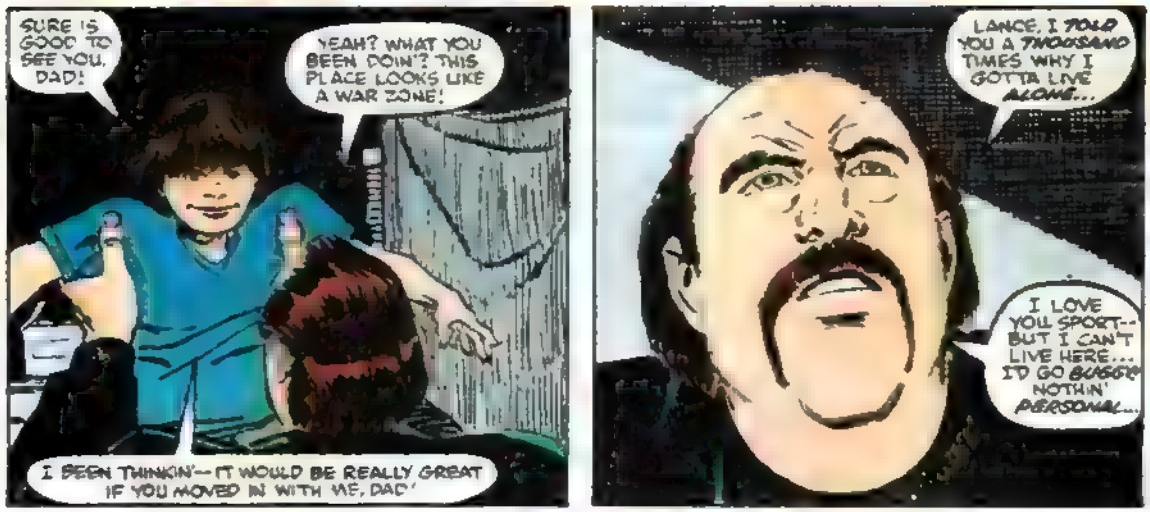
SO WHAT'S THE LIE? BULLET WORKS FOR THE GOVERNMENT, YET SOMEHOW I DON'T THINK THAT TERRORIST IS GOING TO GET IN TROUBLE. IN FACT, HE'S NOT EVEN SWEATIN' IT. LIKE HE EXPECTED TO GET CAUGHT...
WAS THIS BULLET HERE TO PROTECT THE TERRORIST? THAT WOULD MEAN--
--SOME GOVERNMENT AGENCY BLEW UP THE ECOLOGY HEADQUARTERS! TO PROTECT THEIR CORPORATE BUDDIES' INTERESTS? TAKE THE HEAT OFF THEM?
I'M SUPPOSED TO STAND FOR JUSTICE AND THE LAW. BUT SO'S OUR GOVERNMENT; I'VE GOT TO FIGHT THIS ANY WAY I CAN!

THIS IS WAR. I WON'T CLOSE DOWN THE CLINIC. I'LL PRACTICE LAW EVEN IF I HAVE TO BREAK THE LAW TO DO SO!

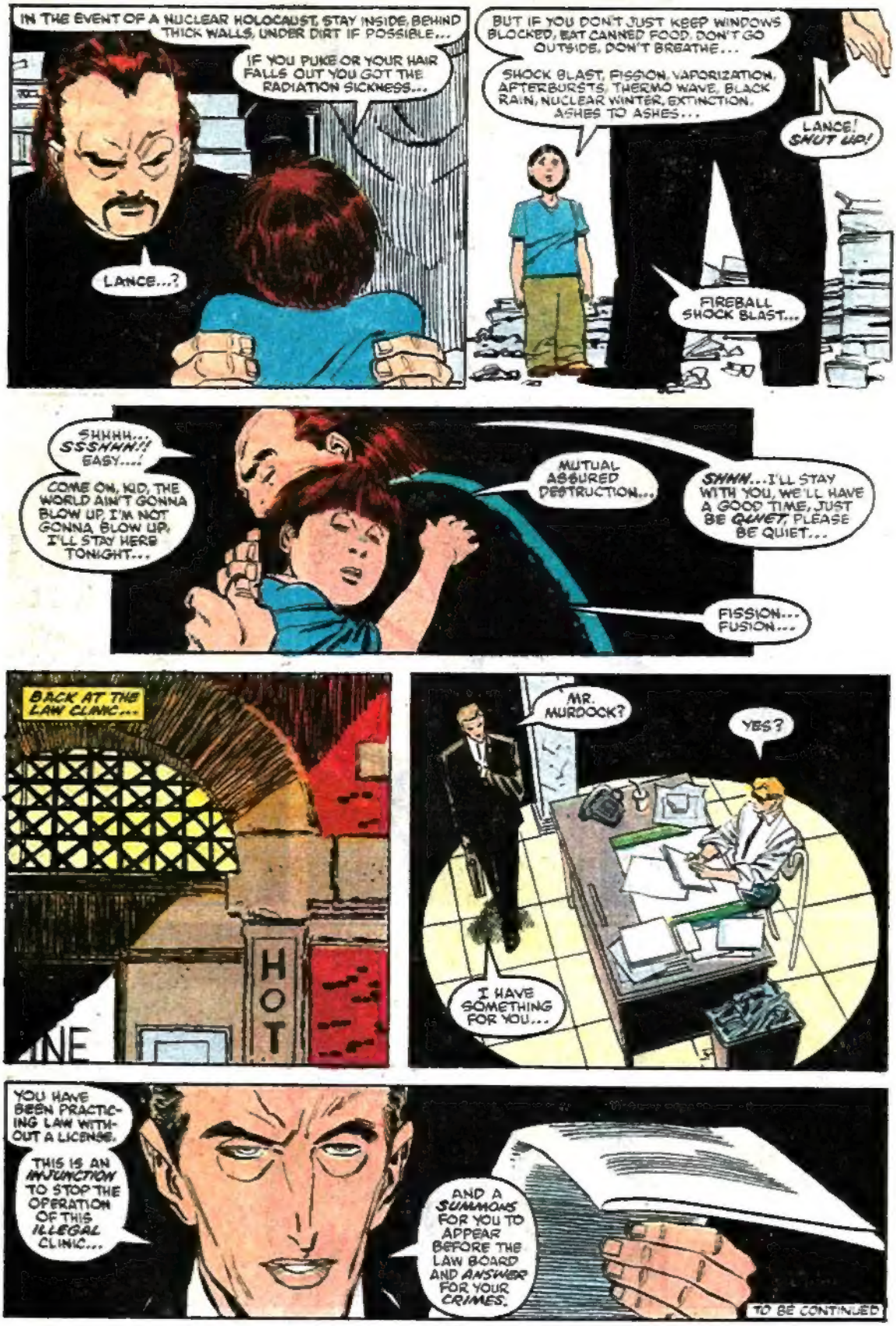

AN APARTMENT IN HELL'S KITCHEN...
GOTTA USE UP FOOD THAT SPOILS FAST.
DADDY SAID HE LIKED PEANUT BUTTER AN' CHOCOLATE. HE'LL LIKE THIS SANDWICH.

GOT ENOUGH FREEZE-DRIED AND CANNED FOOD TO LAST ME AN' DAD TILL FALLOUT'S OVER...
BUT WHAT I NEED IS A HEATING SYSTEM. CAUS IT HAPPENS IN WINTER...

LANCE?!
DADDY!
UH-OH...
HEY, SPORT! HOW'S MY MAN?
...ARE YOU ...ARE YOU IN A GOOD MOOD?!
SURE, KID.
OH, BOY! I GOT THE NIGHT ALL PLANNED! HEY, WHERE'S YOUR BULLET COSTUME? I GOTTA SHOW YOU THE SPEAR GUN I'M WORKIN' ON, AN' THE NEW VENT SYSTEM...
UH...LANCE AREN'T YOU CARRYING THIS FALLOUT SHELTER STUFF TOO FAR? YOU GOT LOTS OF NORMAL GAMES TO PLAY...
WHAT?! NO WAY! YOU AN' ME WE GOTTA SURVIVE!


SURE IS GOOD TO SEE YOU, DAD!
YEAH? WHAT YOU BEEN DOIN'? THIS PLACE LOOKS LIKE A WAR ZONE!
I BEEN THINKIN'-- IT WOULD BE REALLY GREAT IF YOU MOVED IN WITH ME, DAD!
LANCE, I TOLD YOU A THOUSAND TIMES WHY I GOTTA LIVE ALONE...
I LOVE YOU, SPORT-- BUT I CAN'T LIVE HERE... I'D GO BUGGIN' NOTHIN' PERSONAL...

ALL RIGHT, ALL RIGHT, DON'T TELL ME ANYMORE.
KNOW WHAT? IN SCHOOL TODAY, THE TEACHER TAUGHT US ALL ABOUT THE BOMB AND ALL, AND HOW IT'S GONNA FALL ON US ANY DAY NOW...
SO I'M READY, YOU KNOW? THEN YOU CAN COME LIVE HERE, 'CAUSE ANYWHERE ELSE, YOU'D JUST STARVE!
I MADE YOU DINNER-- SEE?
AFTER THE BOMB DROPS, GROCERY STORES WON'T BE OPEN, AN'--
SLOW DOWN, KID! YOU THINK TOO FAST...
AREN'T YOU HUNGRY?
ANYWAYS, TEACHER SAYS IT COULD DROP ANY SECOND NOW...
WHAT? LANCE, YOU'RE GETTIN' ON MY NERVES...
IS THAT TRUE, DADDY? THEY GONNA DROP THE BOMB ANY MINUTE NOW? HUH? HEY, YOU WANNA PLAY PIRATE SAM TONIGHT?
'LANCE, IS THAT ...IT IS!
THE ELECTRIC BILL! LANCE, BLAST YOU, YOU GOTTA GIVE THESE TO ME! I GOTTA PAY THEM! DON'T YOU KNOW THEY CAN TURN OFF THE POWER HERE?!
I CAN'T TAKE THIS, I GOTTA GO OUT...
NO! DAD, YOU PROMISED... TONIGHT'S OUR NIGHT, I GOT IT ALL PLANNED...
PLEASE DON'T GO... I WANT YOU TO EXPLAIN TO ME ABOUT BOMBS AN' STUFF, STUFF I DON'T GET YET...
WHY DO YOU HAVE TO TALK SO WEIRD, HUH? WHY ARE YOU SUCH A WEIRD KID?!
YOU MAKE ME WANNA EXPLODE!
NO, DADDY! DON'T BLOW UP, DON'T BLOW UP!


IN THE EVENT OF A NUCLEAR HOLOCAUST, STAY INSIDE, BEHIND THICK WALLS, UNDER DIRT IF POSSIBLE...
IF YOU PUKE OR YOUR HAIR FALLS OUT YOU GOT THE RADIATION SICKNESS...
LANCE...?
BUT IF YOU DON'T JUST KEEP WINDOWS BLOCKED, EAT CANNED FOOD, DON'T GO OUTSIDE, DON'T BREATHE...
SHOCK BLAST, FISSION, VAPORIZATION, AFTERBURSTS, THERMO WAVE, BLACK RAIN, NUCLEAR WINTER, EXTINCTION, ASHES TO ASHES...
LANCE! SHUT UP!
FIREBALL SHOCK BLAST...
SHHHH... SSSHHH!! EASY...
COME ON, KID, THE WORLD AIN'T GONNA BLOW UP, I'M NOT GONNA BLOW UP, I'LL STAY HERE TONIGHT...
MUTUAL ASSURED DESTRUCTION...
SHHH... I'LL STAY WITH YOU, WE'LL HAVE A GOOD TIME, JUST BE QUIET, PLEASE BE QUIET...
FISSION... FUSION...
BACK AT THE LAW CLINIC...
HOT
MR. MURDOCK?
YES?
I HAVE SOMETHING FOR YOU...
YOU HAVE BEEN PRACTICING LAW WITHOUT A LICENSE.
THIS IS AN INJUNCTION TO STOP THE OPERATION OF THIS ILLEGAL CLINIC...
AND A SUMMONS FOR YOU TO APPEAR BEFORE THE LAW BOARD AND ANSWER FOR YOUR CRIMES.
TO BE CONTINUED

DEVIL'S ADVOCATE

RALPH MACCHIO: editor—MARC SIRY: assistant editor

% MARVEL COMICS GROUP-387 Park Avenue South-New York, New York-10016

Attention correspondents: If you don't want your full address printed, please be sure to tell us so!

Dear Sirs,

I've just recently returned to the world of comic books. I left because the stories were too unrealistic, the plots all the same, and the heroes one-dimensional.

What brought me back were the many changes comic book companies allowed their comic book characters to undergo, challenging the cliches and sacrosanct traditions of the past twenty-five to fifty years.

Jim Owsley consistently writes stories that feature a cast of characters that you really *care* about. Ann Nocenti's elegance with the language and her unique turn of phrase is extremely refreshing. Her use of symbolism and vivid imagery further pedestrian "cops and robbers" story lines in which x number of panels need to be devoted to a fistfight and y pages to a car crash. Her run on the Daredevil series was greatly enjoyed and appreciated, but Jim Owsley was equal to the task of writing a story that expressed the many dimensions of his characters with only the simplest of dialogue.

Case in point: Nigel Townes is not a hero in the sense that he has any extraordinary powers. Like most of us, he's suffered setbacks and has made some mistakes, but his heroism lies in the fact that he "keeps on keepin' on."

Chance, "the new guy on the block" is revealed to be not just another "super-villain" — (who ever thought of that corny tag anyway?) In his decision to give back the committee's advance, we see immediately that he's just a bit different; he has a professional pride. He is "not a thug." Despite his career as a mercenary, he has the particular charm of a gambler that, when combined with his professional attitude and his respect for those in trouble who are fighting the odds, make him a character of many levels.

Good work, fellas. Ygracias.

Anthony Suarez
c/o Pizarro
60 West 104th St., Apt 1-D
New York, NY 10025

Welcome back, Anthony! We'll do our best to keep you with us. Hang on, because you are in for the ride of your life with Mighty Marvel!!

Dear Ralph,

Thank you very much for a nice light Daredevil story in DD #246. Mostly I was glad to see Chance appear, as he has always intrigued me as a villain. He is very unusual. Most "Super-Villains" in their "secret identity" are selfish and cruel, unlike Chance. He actually has me liking him because of his unselfishness. I keep asking myself, "anyone who helps a friend during a crucial time by giving him a thousand bucks couldn't possibly be a villain, could he?" But I always get the same answer — yes.

It astonishes me how mean and uncaring he becomes when he puts the "Chance" costume on, totally unlike Mr. Powell. Nevertheless, I enjoyed his fight with Daredevil. And I'm honestly glad DD didn't capture Chance. To me he is such a likable villain that I would hate to see him rot in prison.

I have been curious lately as to why you haven't had letter columns. I always thought that the letter column was particularly enjoyable to read. It's great to read other people's opinions of particular issues. This has been lacking in DAREDEVIL. Is it because you don't receive enough mail? You should be getting tons! I myself am a regular writer and I'm sure other people are as well. So, guys, let's see more of Devil's Advocate!

Thank you for a great issue!

Bill Climer
3330 Richwood-La Rue Rd.
La Rue, OH 43332

It's true, Chance is offbeat. With a name like Chance though, what would you expect? I have to tell you the truth, Bill. Letter columns sometimes don't appear because Ralph's dog eats them some months. Well . . . actually it's because sometimes we have a story so good that it bursts out of the typical 22 page format and needs that extra page for story. And that, my friend, is why you buy the book. But this month we have a letters page and you are on it! Go ahead, take a bow.

Dear Ralph,

I almost passed on "Bad Guy." The art looked to be Kirby-imitative, with a flatness that made the over-dramatic qualities look silly, instead of exciting. Chance seemed, at least on the cover, to be a minor league Bull's-eye. Who wrote this issue, I wondered? Jim Owsley? Well, I can afford to give it a shot. And I'm glad I did.

This story has character! DAREDEVIL has evolved into a perfect combination of costumed melodrama and gritty realism, with its hero doing his part in the plot, but the spotlight reserved for a troubled everyman like Nigel. (The Everyman with the little "e" represents all of us at our weakest, just before we decide to be strong.) As for Chance, I still don't know. Maybe minor league supervillains are appropriate for this book, with its neighborhood feel, and its little human dramas. DD's "You can tell I'm a college graduate" was worth the laugh.

Probably the most exciting moment of the issue was Daredevil's very human puzzling. Is there some sick part of him that needs to create a "Bad Guy" where one may or may not exist?

In the spirit of illuminating digression, I'd like to close this letter with a philosophical cross-reference that "Bad Guy" brought to mind. Perhaps it will place my vague comments on some sort of solid ground. The fourth century's greatest theological thinker, St. Augustine, made himself unpopular by rebelling against the Manichean Doctrine which preached: "It is not we who sin, but some other nature that sins within us." Most comic book stories operate on similar oversimplified ground rules, with evil either personified, or some unknown thing outside of us, like water or air. Of course there is a whole history of popular entertainment limited by this kind of thinking, and White Hats Vs. Black Hats will probably never die. But fiction is much more satisfying when it echoes Augustine's concept that I've borrowed from book three of his CONFESSIONS: "Evil is nothing but the removal of good until finally no good remains."

Keep thinking and I'll keep reading. This kind of story has the potential to top the Kingpin saga.

David Quinn Breseke
824 E. 17th St.
Brooklyn, NY 11230

Whoa! Some very astute comments there David. I see that you are well read,which is to be commended. We would like to remind our readers to read as many different kinds of things as you can. Comics are great, but you'll enjoy them much more if you read some classic literature and non-fiction. And it doesn't hurt to learn something new. Nuff said!

Dear Devil Makers,

Last night at about 3 a.m. a small spacecraft the size of a briefcase flew out of the sky and landed in my back yard. I picked it up and took it up to my room. It sat there for about ten minutes. Then the top opened up! On the underside of the lid was a picture of Daredevil. (Aliens are intelligent.) A small being that resembled a human came out. He held a little flag that read "DAREDEVIL #1." He told me how the inhabitants of his world always thought of the earth as being filled with unintelligent life, until he read DAREDEVIL. I let him read all of the other Marvel titles. He was impressed, but still preferred DAREDEVIL. Before I could stop him he stole my collection of 115 DAREDEVILs and ran into his little ship and flew out the window . . . Now I'll have to replace them.

John Jenkins
1224 Greystone Ave.
Richmond, VA 23224

Aliens sighted in Richmond, Virginia — film at eleven. John, we believe your story, but just how does a tiny alien carry 115 comic books; and more importantly, fit them into a spacecraft the size of a briefcase? Hmmmm?

Glad everyone enjoyed "Bad Guy." Now hang on to your hats as next issue new regular penciler, the one and only JOHN ROMITA JR., joins the already astounding team of ANN NOCENTI and AL WILLIAMSON for more great stories to knock your socks off! Oh, and let's not forget RIDICULOUS RALPH at the editing helm. But then again, since his dog eats letter columns . . . maybe we'd better forget Ralph. Sorry Ralph.

BEAST CHARMING
Personally purveying a plenitude of pretty, prettified pictures to my peerless pals!
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